

Go After 1451

Chapter 1451

“Louisa and I met in college, but at that time, we had a misunderstanding. We were both bad-tempered, and we couldn’t tolerate each other, so we ended up making a fool of ourselves.”

“One night, I had one too many during our college’s annual dinner. As a result, we somehow ended up in the same bed. It happened last year.

“I was furious when I woke up the next day and even yelled at her.”

“But she said nothing and left after putting on her clothes.”

“We didn’t see each other for a month after that. When I returned to college again, she had already dropped out and prepared to transfer to another college.”

“No one in our college knew what had happened, so I went to look for her and asked her in person, but I didn’t know why I wanted to.”

“I really missed her, but I was not willing to admit it until my friend told me she was transferring to a remote area to continue her studies. She had already completed the transfer procedures, only waiting for the college to sign the documents.”

“It suddenly dawned on me that I might never see her again.”

“If Louisa were gone, there would be no one I could butt heads with and no one to compete with me in class. Life would be meaningless.”

“I went to see her on the day she left. A bus lost control and rammed into the taxi she was in. I watched as the taxi flipped twice in front of my eyes and crashed with a bang.”

“At that moment, it felt as if my heart had crashed along with the taxi. It was so shattered that I thought it would never heal again.”

“I stood there, unable to move. All I could hear were the police sirens and the crowd shouting and yelling. When I walked over, my only thought was that I would give anything for her to stay alive.”

Silence filled the room for a moment.

Colston smiled at the end of his story. Rossie asked, “What happened after that?”

“Later, she was hospitalized. Thank the heavens, she was alive, and I’m glad she didn’t lose an arm or a leg.”

“When I took care of her in the hospital, she rarely spoke to me. No matter how lowly I put myself, she remained indifferent to me. When she was discharged, I threw everything she could use to leave me into the fire.”

“She wanted to leave, but I wouldn’t let her.”

“Because she couldn’t transfer, she lashed out at me. When she returned to our college, she ignored me.”

“Later, some guy, who didn’t have the word death in his dictionary, pursued her. When I found out, I broke his leg in front of her.”

“You broke his leg?” Rossie drew in a breath of cold air. She wondered why all the men she knew were so terrifying.

“And then?” Rossie asked, deeply engrossed in the story. Colston continued, “After that, everyone in college knew that Louisa is mine. So, no one dared to approach her.”

“Although I’m a nobody in the Cole family, I still bore the family name. So, the school also gave me some privileges.”

“They wouldn’t do anything to me even if I beat up someone.”

...

“Louisa didn’t like me to be around her, but I decided to live with her anyway. She resisted and got into a fight with me because of this. But later...”

“When I almost got into an accident, she finally admitted that she loves me.”

Colston poured a cup of tea for himself, Zorion, and Rossie as he spoke.

“Love is blind.”

“On the contrary, onlookers see most of the game. It was obvious to others that we love each other.”

Rossie stole a glance at Zorion, his gaze downcast. If there was no love, they wouldn’t be so good with each other in bed.

However, their relationship was a mistake from the very beginning.

“Louisa’s neighbor, an old doctor, passed away before the new year. He was a lonely and arrogant man, and there was no one beside him when he was dying. Louisa called me, and when I rushed over, he was already breathing his last breath. He held my hand and told me to cherish every moment with Louisa and be grateful for what I have.”

Colston was about to continue when Ronard came into the room. He paused at the door and asked, “Mr. Colston, should we prepare lunch?”

“Mr. Atkinson, would you like to stay for lunch? Louisa’s cooking is excellent,” Colston said. Initially, Zorion wanted to refuse, but Rossie wanted to ask Louisa more about acupuncture, so she was not ready to leave.

“I want to talk to Louisa,” Rossie said. Zorion glanced at her and said, “If your wife is cooking, we will stay.”

“Ronard, prepare the ingredients.”

“Yes, Sir.”

Rossie kept quiet after Ronard left. On the other hand, Colston asked Zorion about his experience studying at Elkton University.

Louisa returned an hour later. She handed Rossie several bags of Sadiel tea and explained, "I've blended these myself; they're specifically used to help with sleep. Although they're not as effective as sleeping pills, they are safer and more reliable. If you adhere to my instructions and use them constantly, you will be able to restore your sleep cycle in a month."

Rossie stared at the Sadiel tea bags in her hand, inhaling the faint fragrance.

"Don't worry, I've planted the flowers myself, no pesticides, so they are safe," Louisa quickly added. Rossie smiled, "It's not that I don't believe you; I just feel bad that you're so nice to me when I've done nothing for you, even if this is our first meeting."

"I'm also doing this for Colston, so please don't feel bad at all. If we met somewhere else, we wouldn't know each other, and I wouldn't have gifted you the tea bags."

Rossie nodded. "I see."

"Louisa, please get the lunch ready. We'll eat in our room later," Colston got up from his seat and said.

Zorion was the only one sitting, and he looked up at the three people in front of him.

Colston explained, "I have to help her."

Zorion recalled Louisa was pregnant, and he immediately stood up.

The four of them left the main hall and headed toward Colston and Louisa's room.

Zorion had wanted to sit down after entering the room, but when they heard they were making spaghetti and meatballs, Rossie volunteered, saying she was good at it. Zorion had his doubts, but she began helping Louisa nevertheless.

Staring at Rossie's tender hands, Zorion could not bear to see her do the work. So, he moved to her side and stared at her.

Meanwhile, Colston and Louisa worked diligently in the kitchen. Colston cooked, and Louisa chopped up the ingredients. Shortly after, the food was ready.

Rossie was also done with her task by the time food was served.

As none of them drink, soda was prepared instead. The four of them sat down and ate together.

Rossie asked Louisa about acupuncture while eating, seeming very interested.

Zorion, on the other hand, was silent.

After dinner, Colston and Louisa sent Zorion and Rossie off. The two of them stood at the door and waited for the car to leave.

Louisa said after they left, "They remind me of us when we first met."

"Very awkward with each other." Colston put his arm around her shoulder and walked inside.

...

Meanwhile, in the hospital.

“Get lost. all of you, get lost!” Flynt yelled at the doctor like a madman, his remaining arm flailing around wildly. When he realized that his arm was gone after waking up, he became agitated and smashed things in the ward. Elina stood on the side, her eyes red and swollen from crying, barely surviving. One of her daughters was locked up, while the other had gone missing. Now, her son had become a cripple.

What had she done to deserve this?

She stumbled, about to faint. Fortunately, someone supported her. But she could barely stand straight.

Flynt lowered his head, his face pale, his gaze fixed on the blanket, and his whole body was stiff. Then, he hissed, “Jepherson, I swear I will destroy you and your family!”

Chapter 1452

After leaving the Cole family manor, Rossie kept touching her hand. Zorion fixed his gaze at her but couldn't tell what she was trying to do.

When they got home, Rossie immediately went back to her room, switched on the computer, and began looking up information on the internet.

Zorion held the tea bags in his hand, then handed them to Tetsuo. “Check the ingredients inside and see if they are poisonous.”

Tetsuo accepted the tea bags and got down to it.

Zorion showered, then changed into a new set of clothes and lay down on the bed, needing a rest.

Suddenly, the door swung open. Zorion twitched his eyebrows but did not open his eyes.

Rossie entered the room and walked to him, “Are you asleep?”

He opened his eyes and stared at her. “What's up?”

“Does your stomach feel upset?” Rossie asked, and Zorion shook his head. Then, she continued, “I asked Louisa, and she told me to try massaging.”

Zorion did not speak but only laid in bed, unmoving.

“I'm going back to college soon. We should give it a try,” Rossie suggested.

She sat down and lifted the blanket, then placed her hand on top of his stomach, his pajamas the only barrier between them. Then, she found the spot Louisa taught her and pressed down on it tentatively.

Zorion closed his eyes. It had been some time since lunch, so he wasn't in discomfort.

After massaging Zorion for a while, Rossie said, “Louisa said it would be better if we use a hot compress.”

Zorion did not reply. Rossie lifted her head to look at him only to find him already asleep.

She withdrew her hand, then turned around and went downstairs. She came back with a hot-water bottle and placed it on Zorion's stomach before tucking him in.

After sitting on the bed for a while, Rossie got up and looked outside the window, then left. Louisa had told her that she was depressed and lacked exercise; she believed she would sleep well again if she exercised and drank the Sadiel tea.

Rossie didn't want to rely on Zorion to be able to fall asleep forever. She wished to be able to sleep alone.

If she could recover from this, it would be a huge relief.

...

After dealing with his matters, Jepherson visited Santiago and Raeleigh at the hospital. Before entering the ward, he heard Raeleigh lecturing Santiago while Santiago remained silent, keeping his eyes closed.

He knocked on the door and walked in, leading Raeleigh to look over and get up. When she saw Jepherson, she asked, "Have you eaten?"

"Not yet," Jepherson answered, his eyes darkening as he glanced at Santiago. When he noticed Santiago looking at him with one eye open, he said, "You got yourself into trouble at the start of the new year. You're still not repenting?"

"How can I not repent? My eardrums are rupturing already." The moment he woke up that morning, Raeleigh had been lecturing him non-stop. After some time, he gave up listening, not having a clue what she had said, and his mind was muddled.

Santiago began complaining now that Jepherson was lecturing him.

Jepherson put down his coat, then washed his hands and sat down. Raeleigh had already gone to take the food.

Setting down the food on the table, Raeleigh handed the cutleries to Jepherson, then sat down and said, "The doctor said it would take two months for him to recover."

Raeleigh was upset because of this matter.

Jepherson took a bite of the food and looked at her. "He asked for it."

After she had calmed down, she thought something was amiss. It seemed as if Jepherson was here to settle scores with Santiago.

Jepherson ate quietly as Raeleigh remained silent. Xanthus went out and hadn't returned, while Santiago also fell silent.

Later, when Raeleigh cleared the table, Jepherson looked at Santiago and said, "You dare to test me?"

"What?" Santiago refused to admit what he had done.

Jepherson sneered. "Do you want me to force you to admit it?"

"I'm just worried about you."

"So worried that you want to kidnap me?"

Jepherson seemed displeased, and Santiago remained silent.

“If this happens one more time, I will throw you out.”

With that, Jepherson got up and walked to the bed next to Santiago, lying down, feeling tired.

Raeleigh went to tuck him in when he said, “There’s a girl, Louisa Douglas, about your age, and she grew up in your orphanage. She said someone rescued her when the orphanage caught fire.”

Raeleigh paused for a moment. “Louisa?”

She didn’t remember such a person. Sitting down beside Jepherson, she asked, “Where did you hear it from?”

“Something happened to Flynt, so the Cole family appointed a new head of the family, Colston Cole, seventh of his generation and a son of one of the Cole family’s concubines.”

“I observed him when he told me about this. I don’t think he’s lying.”

“I don’t remember anyone called Louisa. Could it be a trap?”

Raeleigh really could not recall a girl named Louisa in the orphanage.

Jepherson thought about it and said, “Could it be that she changed her name after she grew up?”

Raeleigh shook her head. “We don’t know that.”

“Mhmm.”

Jepherson closed his eyes, looking exhausted. Raeleigh didn’t want to disturb him, so she didn’t say anything more.

However, a few minutes later, Jepherson opened his eyes again and looked at Raeleigh. “She has a strange aura around her.”

“A strange aura?”

Raeleigh looked at him with oddity, but he had already gone back to sleep. Raeleigh got up and went to check on Santiago.

Santiago quickly closed his eyes, but she didn’t buy that he had fallen asleep. There was no way he’d fall asleep when she was talking to Jepherson.

Considering that Jepherson was resting, she sat in a corner without a word.

She looked up at the grey sky as she recalled the fire in the orphanage. The memory had already been lost on her. All she knew was that there was a massive fire, and people were running around and screaming.

Everyone was dead.

Raeleigh buried her face in her hands. The past still haunted her mind, and her head ached every time she thought of it.

Feeling stuffy inside the ward, she went outside. After she left, Santiago opened his eyes, then fumbled his phone and called Jacky, "Are you nearby?"

When Raeleigh heard Santiago's voice, she turned around and opened the door, only to see him on the phone. She stood at the door with a forced smile. "I thought you were asleep?"

Santiago chuckled awkwardly. "I was, but you opened the door and woke me up."

"So you're saying it's my fault?" Raeleigh was in a bad mood. After closing the door, she strode into the ward and fell silent after sitting down. Santiago called her, but she did not answer, only staring out the window.

Raeleigh closed her eyes as she recalled the past, her face drained of color, even her breathing grew erratic. Santiago glanced at Jepherson as he got up from bed. Jepherson put on his shoes and walked toward Raeleigh, wanting to touch her, but her eyes slowly opened. Sweating profusely, she wrapped her arms around Jepherson.

Jepherson shuddered and hugged her back. He patted her and said, "Don't try to recall the past; you'll only be reliving the terrible moment."

"It's not that I want to, nor would I like to, but I can't help it," she replied.

Jepherson bent down to pick her up and carried her to the bed. Putting her down, he pinched her face, then sat down after tucking her. "Close your eyes; I'll tell you a story," he said as he patted her.

Raeleigh closed her eyes as she listened to Jepherson's soothing voice, then gradually fell asleep.

Chapter 1453

After Raeleigh had fallen asleep, Jepherson glanced at Santiago. He was lying on the bed soundlessly, eyes closed but still awake.

Jepherson returned to the bed and lay down beside Raeleigh. He looked at Santiago and muttered, "I've already promised Colston that I won't make things difficult for him. In the meantime, focus on helping Jacky and build up your reputation as fast as possible. We can wait, but Deanna can't."

Santiago asked, his eyes still closed, "To what extent?"

Jepherson hesitated for a moment and said, "Start with the entrance. Someone has to watch over the several strongholds in Capital City; we must control the voices of the citizens in the capital."

"Mm."

Santiago narrowed his eyes and asked, "Why did Grandma suddenly become so open-minded?"

"Grandpa has assumed responsibility for everything that happened that time. Since he does not wish for us to speak to Grandma about this, I believe he has his way of dealing with her."

Jepherson was well aware Raeleigh's abduction was all but simple.

"So, what are you going to do?" Santiago looked up at his brother, and Jepherson immediately replied, "I don't know yet, but I believe the truth will come out one day."

“Says Captain Obvious. Anyway, I’m tired; she has been nagging at me the whole day. She’s relentless. Heed my words, never offend a woman.”

Santiago kicked the blanket and pulled it over his chest with his free hand. Then, he closed his eyes and went to sleep.

...

Raeleigh woke up in Jepherson’s arms. When she tried to move, he opened his eyes and made space for her. Then, she turned around to look at him.

Raeleigh smoothed her hair and sat up on the bed. Seeing it was already dark outside, she went to prepare dinner.

Jepherson and Santiago remained asleep until dinner was ready. They got up when Raeleigh was serving dinner.

Jepherson ate on his own, whereas Santiago waited for Raeleigh to feed him.

Later, Jacky arrived. Santiago invited him to join them for dinner, but he refused, saying he had already eaten and only sat for a while.

After dinner, Jepherson stood up and said, “I’ll get going. I have something to attend to.”

“Put a jacket on.”

Raeleigh reminded Jepherson as she sent him off. The two of them walked along the corridor for a while before Jepherson entered the elevator. “What are you doing every night? Why do you always go out at this hour?” Raeleigh asked.

“It’s men’s business.”

Then the door of the elevator closed, and he left.

Raeleigh stood in the corridor for a while before returning to the ward. When she saw Santiago and Jacky chatting, she decided to sit outside instead.

In the end, she dozed off.

When Raeleigh finally woke up, she saw Santiago sitting outside and asked in surprise, “Why are you here?”

“Why can’t I be here?” Santiago’s face was full of amusement as he shrugged. “We’re in a hospital, and I’m a patient. Why wouldn’t I be here?”

Raeleigh was rendered speechless for a while, still groggy from her sleep. She patted her head and looked at Santiago. “Hungry?”

“Dude, I just ate two hours ago.” Santiago chuckled. Raeleigh leaned against the wall and squinted her eyes at him, feeling refreshed now.

“Let’s go back.” She stood up, about to go back. Then, something struck her, and she turned to Santiago. “Where’s Xanthus?”

Santiago was equally surprised, only remembering about Xanthus then. He took out his phone and called Xanthus, but it went straight to voicemail.

He looked at Raeleigh and asked, "He turned off his phone."

"It's Stella."

Raeleigh could only think of Stella. In her opinion, Stella was the only person who would do this.

"We don't know that. What happened last time ended hastily. She will definitely not leave things just like that."

Santiago got up and made a call to Jepherson, informing him of Xanthus's disappearance. Then, he called Jacky to come over.

Raeleigh replied anxiously, "Could it be that he went home?"

Santiago looked at her. "Do you really think so?"

Raeleigh thought it didn't make sense either. If Xanthus had gone home, why wouldn't he answer the phone?

"I'll go and find him," Raeleigh said. But Santiago shouted at her suddenly, "Stop."

She stopped and turned around, only to see Santiago's gloomy face.

"Who said you could leave?"

Raeleigh came back to her senses upon being yelled at by Santiago. She calmed down and frowned.

Santiago strode to her and said, "Even if something did happen, you still have us."

Raeleigh pursed her lips. "If it's really Stella, I will never let her off the hook."

"Not bad, you at least have this in you. Consider your life wasted if you don't even have this mindset. Call Jepherson and ask if he has any news."

"This is his mess, don't let him walk around so leisurely."

Raeleigh didn't want to follow Santiago's advice, but she thought he was right to call Jepherson.

She pulled out her phone and called Jepherson. When the call went through, she immediately said, "It's about my brother."

"I'm already at the hospital's entrance. Come out."

Her body froze for a moment before she asked, "You know where Xanthus is?"

"Yes."

She turned to look at Santiago with hesitation but still put the phone away in the end and said, "What about you?"

"Just go." Santiago flashed her a reassuring smile and said, "After what happened last time, nobody in Capital City would dare to touch me."

Raeleigh thought for a moment, then said, "I'll be back soon."

Santiago watched as Raeleigh headed for the elevator and entered, then looked down at his arm before returning to his ward. He walked a few steps before stopping and raising his head, a frown forming on his face.

"Who are you?"

Santiago was about to turn around when the man said, "Your killer. You wouldn't want to turn around."

"Why would I listen to you?"

Santiago turned around only to find a dead man lying on the ground, his body twitching. He looked around him, and a few men appeared in no time. They immediately said to Santiago, "Mr. Santiago, Mr. Jepherson told us to protect you."

"You killed him?" Santiago was somewhat taken aback, baffled at the fact that there was someone who could kill in a matter of seconds.

"It wasn't us; he was already on the ground when we came. It isn't you?"

"Does it look like it?" Santiago glared at the man who spoke, then walked over and kicked the dead man's head, trying to see his face.

He looked ordinary. Santiago turned to look elsewhere. After wiping his shoes, he returned to his ward, ordering one of the men to lock down the entire building as he walked.

He wanted to see if he could find the person who killed the man.

After coming out of the hospital, Raeleigh quickly got into the car only to see Jepherson putting his phone down.

"Who was that?" Raeleigh asked. Jepherson glanced at the hospital and said, "A bodyguard."

"Is it... "

"Yes."

Jepherson stopped Raeleigh before she could finish her words. Some things were better left unsaid.

Of course, she knew what was going on.

As the car drove off, she asked immediately, "What in the world is going on?"

"You'll know when you get there."

Jepherson held her hand, his eyes glued to the road, driving at full speed until they arrived at Stella's place.

Stella's subordinate came out of the house and stood at the door to welcome Raeleigh and Jepherson. They greeted them politely and invited them in.

Chapter 1454

“Mr. Harvey, Miss Raeleigh.”

A young man greeted Jepherson and Raeleigh politely, then led them into Stella’s residence.

Raeleigh looked around and thought Stella’s home was unique.

As soon as they entered the house, the young man said, “Please wait for a moment, Mr. Harvey, Miss Raeleigh. I’ll go and inform of your arrival.”

The young man entered a room, then came out shortly.

He said to Jepherson and Raeleigh, “Miss Doyle invites you to come in.”

“Let’s go.”

Jepherson strode into the room. Although the curtains had shielded the interior from external light, it was brightly lit.

Raeleigh’s first thought was that the room was spacious. Then, she noticed the crystal chandelier in the room and thought they looked extravagant.

She was not only good at designing cars but also had some experience in interior design.

Stella’s house was a multi-story building; it had at least three floors. To ordinary designers, no matter how creative their designs were, they rarely broke the rules of separating each floor.

However, Stella’s house was different; all three floors of her house were one.

Usually, such a design would seem jarring. But in Raeleigh’s opinion, this house was an exception.

Raeleigh stared at the crystal chandelier, which dangled from the top floor’s ceiling to just above the bed in Stella’s room. It was at least two and a half meters away from the ground, and this was the ground floor’s height.

She believed that no one except Stella, who had an unconventional sense of style, could come up with this design.

While Raeleigh was in college, one of her professors mentioned a few taboos of interior design. Theoretically, they should tailor the design according to the clients’ preferences. However, there were still a few standards to follow, especially bedrooms. For instance, they should avoid installing chandeliers in a bedroom.

Although Raeleigh knew these were only theories her professor had taught in class, she believed others would agree they were correct.

However, Stella, a qualified designer, had broken the taboo and designed her house this way. Raeleigh wondered what she was trying to prove.

Raeleigh calmed herself down after entering the room, then looked straight at Stella. She was lying in bed, and her face lit up the moment she saw Jepherson but turned serious again in a matter of seconds.

It wasn’t that Raeleigh didn’t notice it, but she was here for someone.

So she said nothing.

“Jepherson, Raeleigh, you’re here!”

Stella sat up when she saw the two of them. Raeleigh stood still, silent.

Jepherson, on the other hand, didn’t think much of it, only asking indifferently, “I’m here to look for someone. I wonder if he’s here?”

“Are you talking about Dr. Osteen?” Stella asked, then glanced at Raeleigh. “Raeleigh must be worried. I did have Dr. Osteen over to check on my health, but I sent him home as soon as we were done. Did you not contact him?”

Raeleigh stared at Stella quietly as she talked. She knew it was an open warning from her.

She turned around and walked outside, Jepherson following suit.

“Raeleigh...”

Jepherson grabbed Raeleigh’s hand from behind. Raeleigh didn’t shake him away, but she wasn’t in a good mood either. She felt terrible.

He talked to her, but she didn’t want to speak. They were like a young couple in a fight, none of them willing to compromise.

Raeleigh called Xanthus as soon as she was outside but still couldn’t get through to him.

Jepherson held Raeleigh’s hand with a helpless look on his face and pleaded, “Raeleigh... Please calm down.”

“I am calm. If I weren’t, I would’ve fought her already. Can’t you see she did it on purpose?” Raeleigh said as she continued calling Xanthus, but no matter how hard she tried, it went straight to voicemail.

With that, an epiphany struck her. No one in this world but Santiago could help her.

However, he was still in the hospital, so she could not ask him for help.

Raeleigh kept calling a few more times, then finally turned to look at Jepherson and asked, “Tell me, do you believe she did it on purpose?”

“Raeleigh...”

Jepherson held her hand, unable to answer.

Raeleigh glanced at Stella as she came out of the room in her wheelchair. Raeleigh didn’t lash out but only said, “I see it now. You will always believe in her.”

“Stella is...”

“Forget it. I understand. I understand everything, but I just can’t accept the truth. I can’t get over it.”

Raeleigh turned around and looked at the car. “Send me back.”

After getting in the car, her gaze fixed on one side as she clenched her fists tightly, frustration gnawing at her stomach.

She knew that Stella was trying to drive a wedge between her and Jepherson, and she was also aware that these were all Stella's tricks. If she believed it, she would fall into her trap, and Stella would get what she wanted.

But she was only an ordinary woman. How could she not be angry encountering such a thing?

Raeleigh clenched her hands tightly. She wouldn't even mind if Jepherson lied and said he didn't believe Stella.

But why did he trust Stella but not her?

She thought if Jepherson were an ounce like Santiago, she wouldn't have ended up like this.

Jepherson followed Raeleigh inside. The driver shut the door and got into the car. Then, Jepherson ordered, "Go to Xanthus's place."

The driver started the engine and slowly drove away.

While they were on the road, Raeleigh gripped her phone tightly and tried to calm herself down. She waited for Xanthus to call, but he never did.

Jepherson tried talking to her a few times, but she ignored him.

She even refused when Jepherson reached out to hold her hand.

When the car finally arrived at its destination, Raeleigh hurriedly looked outside. She grew anxious when she noticed that the garage was empty, then quickly opened the door and got out before the driver could help.

She marched toward the house, then opened the door and went in. However, she did not see Xanthus. She rushed to the bedroom, hoping that Xanthus would show up soon. She realized that the room remained dark because the power was interrupted.

She pushed open the door and went inside, then switched on the light. There was no one in it.

Jepherson hugged Raeleigh at the door. "Raeleigh... calm down."

Raeleigh shoved Jepherson away, her eyes full of pain. "Is calm down all you know to say? There's nothing in the world that you can't do, but why do you turn into another person when it comes to Stella and me?"

"Raeleigh... Xanthus is fine. He's just not back yet. If something happens to him, I'll know."

Jepherson said with a straight face. She shook her head and said, "I'm going to find him. Don't try to stop me."

Raeleigh pushed Jepherson away in a rage, then left the house. Just as she was about to head out, a black car pulled up at the gate of the villa. The car door opened, and a man got out.

Xanthus got out of the car, holding a shirt in his hand, looking as usual. Then, he glanced at the man opening the door for him and said, "Thank you."

The man nodded to Xanthus, then returned to the car and drove away shortly.

Raeleigh stopped in her tracks and stared at Xanthus. He looked up at Raeleigh, his eyes as gentle as always, flashing her a smile as he walked to her.

Raeleigh rushed to Xanthus and sized him up. "Did they hurt you?"

Xanthus shook his head and pulled Raeleigh into an embrace. She threw herself into his arms and could not help but burst into tears.

Chapter 1455

When Xanthus saw Raeleigh crying, he held her even tighter and looked sharply at Jepherson, who had his gaze at the sibling.

Jepherson walked to them and said, "This is my fault."

"I'm a little tired today. Mr. Harvey, please go back."

Xanthus patted Raeleigh as he continued glaring daggers at Jepherson. Jepherson glanced at Raeleigh and said, "Raeleigh..."

"Please leave. I need to calm down." Raeleigh turned around and looked at Jepherson. She really needed to calm down; if it went on, she'd break down.

Jepherson frowned and looked at Xanthus. "Help me take care of her."

Then, he walked past them and entered his car.

Raeleigh stared at Jepherson's retreating figure, and her heart sank. He kept telling her how important trust was, and he promised that no matter what happened, he would always protect their relationship. But...

Why did he always make her worry?

She watched the car leave, then looked up at Xanthus. "Are you alright? Did Stella hurt you?"

"It's not that serious. I only went to treat Stella; I had to check on her illness." To ease her worries, he did not tell the truth. He held her as the two of them walked into the house.

Raeleigh doubted his words. How could someone like Stella not do anything to him?

When the two of them entered the house, Xanthus told Raeleigh he hadn't had dinner yet, and he requested her to cook some food while he went to take a shower.

Raeleigh obeyed and went to make dinner. She finished cooking before Xanthus came back, so she went up to his room. When she was about to knock on the door, she heard Xanthus talking to someone over the phone.

He was talking about performing a full-body examination or something.

Raeleigh frowned and knocked at the door, "Dinner's ready."

"Alright, I'm coming." Xanthus hung up the phone and came out of the room, then turned to Raeleigh and asked, "When did you come?"

"When you were on the phone." Raeleigh stared at him, wondering if he was hiding something from her.

"Why didn't you knock earlier? I'm hungry."

Xanthus ruffled her hair and headed downstairs, Raeleigh following suit. The two went to the kitchen. Raeleigh served the food for Xanthus, and he sat down and ate leisurely. Raeleigh sat opposite him and looked at him. "What happened?"

Xanthus glanced at her and said, "What will you do if I tell you something has happened to me?"

Raeleigh pursed her lips. "I will not let Stella off the hook."

"It doesn't matter if you let her off the hook or not. Besides, you're not that kind of person, are you?" Xanthus knew her well.

Raeleigh said nothing, but she was visibly upset.

"I'm doing a full-body examination tomorrow; you'll know when the results come out." Xanthus stared at the food in front of him and took a bite, feeling a little nauseous.

"What on earth is going on?"

"Nothing."

Xanthus did not want Raeleigh to lose sleep over his matter, but she seemed to be worried sick already.

After eating, Xanthus stood up and motioned for Raeleigh to join him on the sofa to watch TV. Otherwise, Raeleigh would not be able to rest if they separated.

The two of them sat down, and Xanthus asked, "What would you like to watch?"

Raeleigh exhaled a murky breath. "Animal World."

Xanthus turned on the TV and turned to the channel. The two of them watched in silence.

Raeleigh looked at Xanthus from time to time; his eyes were glued to the TV. When she stared at him again, he pulled her into his arms, letting her head rest against his chest.

As they'd nap on the sofa, there was always a throw. Xanthus pulled the throw over their bodies and hugged Raeleigh while saying, "I'm not saying that this isn't serious, but I don't want you to hear the process."

"Some things might sound cruel, but the real experience may not be so scary!"

Raeleigh became a little absent-minded upon hearing Xanthus's words. She wiped away the tears off her face, then leaned into Xanthus's arms, not saying a word.

He continued, "There are many things we can't change; you shouldn't blame Jepherson. Although I'm also angry about this, it's wrong to vent our anger on him."

"I didn't vent my anger on him. I just can't accept it." Raeleigh sniffled.

Xanthus smiled and said, "A woman like Stella, I believe even if we don't go to her, someone will."

"She brought them upon herself, and she deserves it."

"She won't end well."

"You keep saying that, but don't you think you're lying to yourself?"

Raeleigh looked at Xanthus suspiciously. His lips were a little pale, and his face seemed sallow; he looked miserable.

Raeleigh immediately sat up to check on him. She placed her hand on his head and asked, "What's wrong with you?"

"Nothing, I just feel a little uncomfortable. Trust me; I'm a doctor; no one knows my body better than me."

Raeleigh pursed her lips. "Do you want me to get you some water?"

"No, I'll get some rest."

Xanthus's breaths grew weak, and Raeleigh instinctively held his hand in hers.

"It's sure nice to have a sister!" Xanthus looked down at their joined hands and smiled.

"It's my fault. If it weren't for me, you wouldn't be like this." Raeleigh's eyes were red, and tears flowed down her cheeks as she spoke.

Wiping the tears off her face, he coaxed, "Don't cry; you're not a child anymore. I'm only feeling a little uncomfortable; I'll be fine tomorrow."

"We're going to the hospital now." Raeleigh stood up, but Xanthus pulled her back down. As she looked at him, she felt her heart threatening to fall apart.

"Listen to me. I'll make it through tonight. I'm fine."

Raeleigh sat down and stared at Xanthus. "What happened to you?"

"Nothing. I only ate something I shouldn't have. My temperature may fluctuate in a bit. Remember, leave me be, and don't give me water nor try to cool me down. Ignore everything that happens to me. I'll be fine."

Xanthus instructed Raeleigh. Feeling the sweat on his palm, she lowered her head to look at it.

"What is wrong with you?" she asked, but Xanthus only said, "Be a good girl and don't ask."

Raeleigh kept her emotions in check and said nothing.

Xanthus's breathing grew more labored, and his heart was palpitating; however, he was visibly weak. She could tell he was really not himself.

The sick man lying on the sofa was no longer the usually handsome, suave Xanthus.

An idea came to her; Xanthus was dying.

“Should I call for help?”

“No. I can get through this. You only need to stay with me.” Xanthus loosened his grip on her hand and leaned against the sofa, keeping his chin lifted and his eyes closed. His breathing grew heavier by the minute, and sweat trickled from his blotchy neck down to his body. Raeleigh immediately wiped him down with a tissue. Xanthus shut his eyes tightly and gasped for air as he held on to the throw.

Raeleigh cried as she wiped the sweat off Xanthus’s body, thinking of a way to help him.

Chapter 1456

Xanthus opened his eyes slowly and forced a smile at Raeleigh when he heard her crying. “Don’t cry. You don’t look pretty anymore when you cry.”

“Alright, I won’t. I won’t cry.” Raeleigh said but cried even louder.

Xanthus clenched his teeth, and his breathing became even more rapid as he said with great difficulty, “I might not recover if you keep on crying but will be better if you stop.”

Raeleigh stared at him and wiped the tears from her face hard, forcing her tears back.

Seeing that she stopped crying, Xanthus closed his eyes and recalled the incident, trying to divert his attention.

Raeleigh kept wiping Xanthus’s sweat but suddenly stopped and uncovered the throw from his body. She unbuttoned his shirt and realized his torso was covered with rashes.

Her face blanched as she grew frightened. She took off Xanthus’s shirt, only to find his body slick with sweat as if he was in a shower.

Rashes that looked like tiny grains spread all over his skin.

Her gaze trailed down to his lower torso; the rashes had already spread to his waist just above the trousers. She believed even her lower limbs were covered with it.

Xanthus opened his eyes weakly. “I’m fine. It’s just a reaction.”

Raeleigh stood there, dumbfounded. “I will not let her get away with this.”

Their eyes met. After a long time, Xanthus gasped and said, “If you get angry, you lose.”

Tears gathered in Raeleigh’s eyes; she did not let them fall but wiped away forcefully instead. Then, she took out her phone and called Jacky.

“Come to my house and bring a reliable doctor with you. One that knows everything.”

Raeleigh gritted her teeth as she put down her phone, then sat down and covered Xanthus with the throw.

Jacky hung up the phone and looked at Santiago. “Looks like something happened. Her tone doesn’t sound right.”

Santiago was lying in bed, waiting for Raeleigh to return; he couldn't rest if she didn't come back. When Jacky answered the phone, he was confused and wondered why she called Jacky.

Upon hearing his words, Santiago immediately stood up.

Jacky followed behind as Santiago went to grab his shirt. Jacky helped drape it over him.

"Did you bring cigarettes?" Santiago asked.

Jacky pulled out a pack of cigarettes, lit one for him, and brought it to his mouth. He bit down on it, then walked toward the door.

The two of them headed straight to the elevator. After entering, Santiago leaned against the wall and took a drag on his cigarette before removing it from his mouth as he closed his eyes.

Shortly, they came out of the elevator, Jacky leading the way. They left the hospital together hurriedly, moving like a gust of wind.

Outside, the snow was falling. "Are you sure you're fine?" Jacky asked Santiago.

Santiago's arm was in bandages, and he was wearing a sling. Thus, he couldn't move his arms. He had been wearing only the sling while he was in the ward; it looked just like a bulletproof jacket but only provided tension and confinement.

He couldn't move his arms at all while wearing the sling, and he couldn't put on his clothes either.

It didn't bother Santiago when he wore the sling inside the ward. After all, it was warm in there, but now that they were outside, it was different.

Jacky was worried that Santiago's body was still weak after the injury. His wounds had yet to heal, and if he fell ill, it would complicate the situation.

Santiago sneered. "Go look for a doctor."

He flicked the cigarette butt between his fingertips into the air, and it drew an arc in the night sky before landing on the ground. Then, he pulled open the car door and sat inside.

Jacky looked at Santiago, curiosity rising in his heart. He thought Santiago looked just like a falcon hunting in the night. Only falcons were so wild and untamed.

After getting in the car, he drove towards Raeleigh's place. At the same time, he called his men to send their doctor out.

At that moment, Jacky's car travelled at a speed faster than a rocket.

...

Jepherson was stunned after receiving the call. "Santiago is heading to Raeleigh's place?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Make sure he's safe."

"What about Raeleigh?"

“I know what to do.”

Jepherson hung up the phone and got out of bed as he recalled the moment when he left Raeleigh. He couldn't think of anything suspicious.

Something had happened to Xanthus then.

Jepherson squinted, his expression as cold as a blade.

He sat back down on his bed but did not make any further moves.

...

After they arrived at Raeleigh's place, Jacky opened the car door, and Santiago got out with a shirt draped over his shoulders, braving the snow. Santiago knocked on the door and went in.

Raeleigh was a little surprised to see him. Her body was soaking wet from the sweat, and her hair was a mess.

Raeleigh swallowed as if she had finally met her savior. However, she did not forget about Santiago's injury and glanced at his shoulder.

“Why aren't you wearing your shirt?” Raeleigh asked, still sobbing. Santiago glanced at her sharply and wiped her tears. “You good-for-nothing. Why are you crying?”

Raeleigh pursed her lips, swallowed her tears, then walked inside quickly, Santiago and Jacky following closely behind. When they were inside, Raeleigh turned around to face them.

Santiago stared at Xanthus. He laid motionless on the sofa as if he was dead, but he was still panting.

His face was a little red; it seemed like he had a rash.

But he was drenched in sweat. He didn't look alright at all, and his arms would twitch from time to time.

“What happened?” Santiago asked.

Raeleigh bent down and pulled the throw away, revealing Xanthus's naked torso to Santiago and Jacky. The atmosphere in the room grew tense in an instant.

Santiago's face turned cold. “Who did it?”

“Stella,” Raeleigh gritted her teeth and said.

Then, she began to cry as her hands worked non-stop to wipe the sweat off Xanthus's body.

Santiago glanced at Jacky. “Have you seen a person after they ingested meth?”

Jacky walked over to Xanthus and lowered his head to check on him. “An excessive intake of meth must have caused this.”

“Meth?” Raeleigh stared at her dying brother in disbelief.

Santiago also went to Xanthus and crouched down to look at him. “Xanthus.”

Xanthus didn't respond, and Raeleigh was heartbroken. She clutched the throw tightly in her hands. He had been unresponsive since she called Jacky; she couldn't wake him up no matter how hard she tried. She didn't know what had happened, and she wasn't sure if she should call for help.

"Xanthus," Santiago called again.

Xanthus still did not answer but suddenly glanced at Raeleigh and shouted, "Stop crying!"

Raeleigh shuddered in fear and dropped the throw onto the ground.

Santiago's face fell instantly, glaring daggers at Xanthus. Xanthus frowned in effort and finally opened his turbid eyes.

Chapter 1457

"You... Why did you yell at her?" Xanthus growled. Santiago let out a sigh and asked, "How much did you take?"

Santiago was done making Xanthus talk at this point. Since Xanthus was conscious, he could probably make it through.

However, Xanthus was upset, refusing to speak.

Raeleigh moved to sit beside Xanthus and squeezed his hand. "Say it."

"Sixty grams," Xanthus replied weakly.

Santiago looked at Jacky. Then, Jacky said, "Meth cannot be consumed directly but with water. Did you swallow directly?"

Xanthus nodded, and Jacky continued, "Thirty grams can already cause poisoning, and even enough to cause a fatal overdose, let alone to ingest sixty and to swallow directly at that."

"What should we do?"

"I can make it through." Xanthus gripped Raeleigh's hand tightly. She looked at him, holding back her tears.

Santiago stood up. "Let's go to the hospital."

Xanthus shook his head. "I can't. I'm a doctor; ingesting meth is against the law."

"Doesn't mean you should risk your life over it," Santiago said.

Xanthus insisted, "I'm fine; it's just a reaction. I can make it through. It's normal to feel uncomfortable for the first time; I'll be fine."

Santiago turned to Jacky. "What do you suggest?"

"Give him some water."

With that, he went to the kitchen and poured some cold water into a kettle. Raeleigh hurried over and said, "You can't give him water. Xanthus said not to."

Jacky turned around and looked at Raeleigh, "He'll feel better after drinking water."

"No, no water." Raeleigh insisted.

She put down the kettle and returned to Xanthus's side.

When Jacky came out of the room, Raeleigh covered Xanthus with the throw and held his hand tightly. "I'm here. You'll be fine."

The corners of Xanthus's mouth curled up into a faint smile. "Okay."

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. Jacky opened it to let the doctor from Waverly Village enter. The doctor greeted Jacky and rushed inside. When he saw Xanthus, he was stunned.

The doctor pulled the throw away and took a look while Jacky explained Xanthus's situation to him. The doctor opened his medical kit and took out a syringe, then gave Xanthus an injection.

"What did you give him?" Raeleigh asked nervously. The doctor said, "It's not an antidote; I'm only giving him epinephrine to reduce his blood pressure and treat his arrhythmia."

"But it won't help much. Fortunately, he has already gone through most of it; he'll be fine as long as he can hold on for the rest of the night."

Raeleigh let out a sigh of relief but still dared not let her guard down, holding Xanthus's hand tightly.

During the several times Xanthus groaned in pain, Raeleigh turned to the doctor. The doctor explained, "Normally, when patients are in critical danger, the doctors will administer epinephrine when their heartbeat is about to stop, or their pulse grows weak. It helps their heart to beat stronger."

"His heart is beating strongly now; what he has is arrhythmia, but we can't keep giving him epinephrine."

Raeleigh bit her lip and looked at Xanthus. Xanthus opened his eyes slowly. "I don't feel so uncomfortable anymore. Relax."

Raeleigh nodded and wiped his sweat; she had already stopped crying.

After experiencing such a traumatic event, Raeleigh dared not cry anymore.

Xanthus looked at the people in front of him as he leaned against Raeleigh motionlessly if twitching didn't count.

Raeleigh sat on the sofa, hugging Xanthus, who was on the verge of death. She closed her eyes and clutched his hand tightly.

Santiago sat on one side with his head raised and his eyes closed, not wearing a shirt.

Jacky and the doctor were probably the only ones doing alright then, but it was an agonizing night for every one of them.

The rashes on Xanthus's body finally gradually faded as dawn came. Raeleigh had fallen asleep unknowingly, waking up with a start.

She immediately went to check on Xanthus after she got up. Seeing the rashes were, she was overjoyed, smiling like a child, and did a quick check on his body.

Xanthus slowly opened his eyes and stared at Raeleigh as she jumped around like a child, then said, "Those who know, know you're my sister, or they might think you were trying to take advantage of me."

Raeleigh's face fell, but when she saw Xanthus's pale face, her anger dissipated.

"Do you still feel uncomfortable anywhere?" she asked.

"I just feel weak. I want to lie down; help me. I may still feel unwell for a couple of days."

Raeleigh got up and helped Xanthus to lie down, then went to get some water. She planned to help him wash up.

Santiago saw Raeleigh helping Xanthus and said, "Leave it. Jacky, go and help him wash up."

If Santiago could move his arms, he would've done it himself.

Jacky bent down and helped Xanthus up, then led him to the bathroom. Raeleigh hurriedly went to stop him. "My brother can't move around yet; he just recovered. Leave him be."

The doctor defended, "It would help remove the toxins from his body if he takes a hot bath and sweats it out."

Raeleigh looked at the doctor, "Really?"

"Yes. Based on his condition, it would take at least a week or up to a month for him to recover."

Raeleigh quickly moved aside upon hearing the doctor's words and let Jacky help Xanthus take a bath. Meanwhile, Raeleigh went upstairs to find some clean clothes for Xanthus; she searched around and prepared a complete set of clothes for him, sending them to the bathroom.

Santiago was already at the door as if he knew what Raeleigh was about to do. He stopped Raeleigh outside, then took the clothes from her. He opened the bathroom door and went in to put them down, then came out immediately.

"What would you like to eat?"

"What?"

Raeleigh stared at Santiago, her mind completely blank. Eating was the last thing on her mind right then.

Santiago pulled out his phone and said, "Nine o'clock. Food for five. Well-balanced diet."

Raeleigh came to her senses and realized that he was ordering takeout, then asked, "Which restaurant?"

"Harvey Group Manor."

Santiago then went back to the room and stared at the doctor. "How are you with cleaning up?"

"Don't worry about it; I'll do it. You guys just sit." Raeleigh said.

While Xanthus was still in the bathroom, Raeleigh cleaned up every corner of the living room. When Xanthus came out from the bath, she asked him if he wanted to go upstairs; he refused and told her he wanted to watch the TV instead.

Xanthus kept sweating even when he was lying down, and Raeleigh could never seem to wipe them off.

Raeleigh asked the doctor about it, and he answered, "It will last for a while. I suggest you take him for an examination, or he may suffer permanent injuries."

"I will." Raeleigh had already planned to take Xanthus for a checkup once he had gotten better.

When the food arrived, Jacky went to open the door and was stunned by the visitors. He turned to look at Santiago, who was lying on the sofa, preparing to eat.

Sensing Jacky's gaze from the door, Santiago asked, without even looking at him, "Do I have something on my face?"

Jacky stepped aside, and Jepherson came in with a couple of servants while Raeleigh asked, "Where are we eating?"

When she raised her head, she saw Jepherson coming in, and her face instantly glum. It wasn't that she was upset but unable to feel happy at all.

Chapter 1458

"I didn't know this would happen," Jepherson explained when he saw Raeleigh. It wasn't that she didn't believe him, but she couldn't bring herself to make any response at all under that given moment.

Looking at Jepherson, she asked, "Have you eaten yet?"

Raeleigh didn't want to hear any explanations; they were all useless to her now. She couldn't even manage a smile now, looking at Xanthus's current condition.

Jepherson shook his head. Raeleigh took a look at the two servants who came in; they were here to deliver food to them.

Raeleigh said, "You can put the food there. Or on the coffee table."

The servants busied themselves, following Raeleigh's instructions. She went forward and helped, completely ignoring Jepherson.

His gaze lingered at Raeleigh before turning to Xanthus's pale face. He walked over and asked, "How are you feeling?"

Xanthus slowly opened his eyes. "I'm alright now."

"I will get to the bottom of this."

Before Xanthus could reply, Raeleigh interrupted, staring at Jepherson, "Don't bother. It's not a big deal."

She took a glance at Xanthus before continuing, "Leave us be for a couple of days."

Xanthus needed rest and recovery, and Raeleigh didn't want anything else to happen at this time.

"Alright, I will definitely get to the bottom of this."

Jepherson wasn't taking no for an answer. Raeleigh stared at him, unable to speak for a while; his insistence didn't make her feel any better. The reality was right in front of them; anyone with the right mind could tell what had happened. He was no fool, yet he still said such things. What more could she say?

Since there was nothing she could say, she decided to leave him be and turned to the others and said, "Let's eat."

Santiago walked over and sat down with them. He picked up his cutlery and pondered for a while. He was in no shape to eat independently, so he waited for Raeleigh to feed him.

Raeleigh walked over to him and fed him before eating herself.

Jacky washed his hands and sat down too, the doctor following suit.

Jepherson stood by the side like the fifth wheel. He didn't have the appetite.

But he still washed his hands and sat beside Raeleigh. He dug in, acting all nonchalant.

With his head slightly lowered, Jepherson finished the meal deadpan.

After Santiago was done, Raeleigh went to feed Xanthus some water. Xanthus refused to eat anything, so she didn't force him either.

She only ate after everyone dined, swallowing what her little appetite could take. When she got up to clear the table, the two servants Jepherson brought got down to it before Raeleigh could make a move, so she went to accompany Xanthus.

The group sat in the living room, but no one spoke.

Santiago had his head raised, eyes closed, looking asleep while the others sat for an entire morning.

In the afternoon, the hospital Santiago was admitted to called Jepherson and said they had to schedule a jab, so he got them to come over instead.

When they arrived, he also requested them to do a checkup on Xanthus.

"He's fine now, but he will have to recuperate for some time," the doctor said. Looking at Xanthus, who was asleep, Jepherson nodded, "Got it. No need to come over again; just send the medication over."

"But Mr. Santiago still needs his dressings changed. We worry that..."

"It's fine; someone will see to it. I don't want anyone else to know about this, especially Dr. Osteen's case. I hope you understand."

"Alright, we understand."

After the doctor left, Jepherson sat back down, having no intention to leave. Raeleigh checked the time; seeing it was getting dark, Raeleigh motioned for him to leave first.

She didn't want to see him for the time being, not because she wanted to cut ties, but there were some things she still couldn't get over. If he only gave his word to investigate after what happened to Xanthus, does it mean their trust was jeopardized?

He was constantly testing her. If this was another test, she'd rather give up on their relationship.

Jepherson did not speak, his eyes fixed on Raeleigh, rendering her speechless. Who was actually at fault here?

Just as she was about to say something to shoo him away, he stood up and strode upstairs.

Stumped, she stared speechlessly at his back as he headed upstairs, wondering what he was trying.

Almost everyone downstairs turned their heads, including Santiago, staring at Jefferson's back.

Watching Jepherson retreat to her room upstairs, Raleigh did not know what to do for a moment.

Seeing that he wouldn't leave, she turned to Xanthus only to find him looking at her. "You should also rest."

"I'm not tired."

"I am. If you don't rest, I won't be able to either. I survived the night, and everything's fine now. Get some rest while you can." Xanthus looked at Santiago, who was sitting on the floor next to him.

"Santiago."

Santiago turned to him. "Yes?"

"Go upstairs and rest. Doctor and Jacky as well. Raeleigh will stay here with me."

Xanthus was growing rather frustrated at the crowd. Plus, he hoped for Raeleigh to get some rest.

Letting her go upstairs was like sending her to a tiger's den. It wasn't that he was selfish, but the incident had gotten him shaken.

Raeleigh was no match for someone like Stella.

Stella was a mad dog who would bite at everyone she met. She had a vicious heart; there was no way he could rest assured leaving Raeleigh here.

Xanthus narrowed his eyes a little, not wanting to say more.

Santiago glanced at Jacky and stood up, going upstairs with Jacky following right behind. When the doctor saw that he was the only one left, he also followed suit.

When he got upstairs, Santiago acted as if this was his home and pointed to a door on the side and said, "You'll sleep there; I'll get you if something happens."

Then, Santiago turned Jacky. "You're with me."

Pushing the door open, Jacky followed him in.

After everyone went up, Raeleigh tidied up and laid down on the other sofa.

But as soon as she laid down, Xanthus said, "Turn on the TV, will you? See if Animal World is on; we didn't get to finish it yesterday."

With that, she got up and switched on the TV. She wasn't sure whether Xanthus really wanted to watch it, but she did it anyway.

After watching for a while, Xanthus closed his eyes, beginning to sweat again. Hearing that his breathing didn't sound quite right, she sat up again. Xanthus clenched his teeth, "Don't get up; I can't have a rest when you get up again."

"It's just a reaction; there is nothing to worry about. I got through yesterday; I'll be able to do today as well."

Staring at Xanthus's pale face, Raeleigh's heart plummeted, feeling cold all over.

It felt as if a knife stabbed mercilessly into her heart, piercing right through it, putting her on the verge of death. Her entire body was paralyzed, as cold as ice.

Tears pooled in her eyes, and a drop of it trickled down her face. Afraid that Xanthus would see it, she quickly wiped them away hastily, trying to compose herself. She said after a long time, "I'm right here. Call me if you feel any discomfort."

Raeleigh plopped back on the sofa and stared at Xanthus. Despite her efforts to sleep, she couldn't, as if she had taken analeptic. Scenes flashed before her like tidal waves, one after the other, of those who died in front of her, churning her world into turmoil.

Chapter 1459

Raeleigh didn't sleep a wink. Xanthus's rapid breathing finally soothed, and he had fallen asleep late at night. Seeing so, she sat up from the sofa, her gaze turning to Animal World playing softly on TV.

Raeleigh had loved watching the program ever since she was a child. Although it was the same few episodes, there were no complex relationships or ugly lies and deceptions.

Everything seemed so pure and simple. Because of that, she was drawn to it without hesitation.

Before meeting Jepherson, she had never thought about marriage, let alone falling in love.

She longed for a simple life. The sort that she could go home to watch TV alone when she was tired, accompany her grandmother, take her to see the world, or try new food. That was all.

She had experienced death once, and she was afraid of going through it once more. However, the current situation had escalated way beyond her control. So much so that she didn't know what to do.

Her eyes traveled through the empty space in front of her and fixed on the window.

Getting up quietly, she walked to the window with a throw wrapped around herself, staring at the dark silence outside.

"Is it true that for as long as she is alive, nothing can ever be certain?" A thought drifted inside her.

Outside the window was a thick layer of fluttering snow. Intrigued at the white night, Raeleigh wanted to go out and have a look, but after a mental struggle, she looked back at Xanthus and gave up.

After returning to the sofa, Raeleigh sat there in a daze.

So this was what it was like to have a family. She couldn't bear to part with him, and her heart ached.

Seeing Xanthus suffering because of her, there came a moment when she thought how it would be great if he had not found her, if they hadn't reunited at all.

Whether she would live or die, it was all up to the heavens.

...

Xanthus frowned in his sleep, leading her to sit up anxiously immediately. Was he suffering again?

After a few seconds, his deeply locked brows gradually relaxed, and Raeleigh's pounding heart eased together with his eyebrows, calming down again.

If he could continue to sleep comfortably, she could finally have a rest too.

Raeleigh's mind raced, lying on the sofa, thinking about a lot of things. She felt drowsy but unable to rest at all.

Near dawn, she heard someone open the door upstairs. Raeleigh opened her eyes and followed the direction, her gaze meeting Jepherson, who came down in his changed pajamas.

She stared for a while but made no response, then closed her eyes.

Jepherson went directly to Raeleigh and Xanthus. When he arrived in front of Raeleigh, he bent over and scooped Raeleigh right into his arms. Startled, her eyes flew open, and she threw him a furious glare.

But before Raeleigh could yell at him, Jepherson whispered to her at once, "Do you want to wake Xanthus?"

With that, she gnashed her teeth in frustration. She hated that he bullied her like this the most.

Mad, she pinched at his arm, leading him to frown and look down at her, gritting his teeth.

The two butt heads; the harder she pinched, the less response Jepherson gave.

Even when she had no energy left, he still wouldn't let her go.

She glared at him, waiting for him to release her, only for him to ask, "Doesn't your heart ache to pinch me?"

Raeleigh's fingers loosened a little at that but did not let go.

Jepherson was about to leave with her in his arms when Xanthus asked, sitting on the sofa behind them, "What are you doing?"

Jepherson paused and turned to look at him. "Raeleigh needs rest. I'll send her upstairs."

“You don’t have to. Raeleigh, pour some water for me.” Xanthus did not bother to meet his gaze but asked for Raeleigh. She struggled for a moment before finally leaving Jepherson’s arms, then went to pour some water for Xanthus.

She brought him a glass; instead of drinking, Xanthus had Raeleigh put it down and asked her to lie down as well. Raeleigh glanced at Jepherson and did as she was told.

Unsuccessful in taking Raeleigh away, Jepherson sat opposite her and said, “Go upstairs and have a rest. I’ll stay here.”

She closed her eyes and said nothing. As a result, the atmosphere in the living room tensed.

However, she remained motionless; she wasn’t bothered no matter how tense the air became.

The living room had been pin-drop silent a few hours since then. Raeleigh was restless the entire time. When she occasionally opened her eyes to look at Xanthus, she would see Jepherson staring at her with a rather fathomless gaze.

Amused, she thought, “What is up with him? Is it not his fault?”

The night finally passed, and Raeleigh went to check on Xanthus first. Seeing he was asleep, she went to wash up. After checking he was fine when she returned, she intended to make breakfast, but the servants had already done it.

Since she had nothing to do, she went upstairs and asked the others to come down and have breakfast together.

Raeleigh asked Xanthus, “Do you want me to feed you?”

Xanthus managed to sleep through the night. “Don’t be so dramatic; I’m fine,” he said as he sat up from the sofa. Their coffee table had turned into the dining table; Xanthus wouldn’t have to move around to eat.

Raeleigh got a wet towel to wipe Xanthus down. Holding the spoon, Xanthus’s hand was still shaky, but he did not look up. The initial bite felt bitter, and he frowned. Raeleigh asked worriedly, “What’s wrong?”

Xanthus chewed and looked at her calmly, responding. “Nothing; it’s just a normal reaction.”

“If you don’t like it, I’ll make something else for you.” Raeleigh intended to prepare something for Xanthus, but he shook his head, saying, “I’ll drink some soup first; I need to regain all the energy I lost these past two days.”

Raeleigh was occupied with attending to Xanthus, so she neglected Santiago. Holding the spoon and looking at his locked arms, Santiago only barely managed to eat.

It wasn’t until Xanthus finished half of the meal that she finally remembered Santiago and went to help him. As a result, after everyone had eaten, she still hadn’t.

Raeleigh sat down, intending to eat at last, but Jepherson took away all that was in front of her, not giving her a chance to eat. Looking over, he had already stood up and walked to the kitchen as he put on an apron, still in his pajamas, to make her some porridge.

Raeleigh wouldn't eat it, so Jepherson suggested, "I'll feed you."

She wanted to leave when he pulled her into his arms. "They're all my people."

Raeleigh raised her head and glowered at him. "Is it fun to threaten me?"

Jepherson snorted. "It will be if you don't eat."

After releasing Raeleigh, Jepherson brought her to the bowl of porridge and took a spoonful to feed her. She purposefully didn't want to eat, but it was not the time to quarrel. Plus, he made the food himself, so she still parted her lips in the end.

After taking a bite, Raeleigh frowned. "Why is it salty?"

"Will you be able to swallow if it's tasteless?" Jepherson continued to feed her, but she tried to take it from him. "I'll eat it myself."

Although reluctant, he still handed her the bowl, reminding her, "It's hot."

She turned to sit away from him, eating the porridge bit by bit. She could still manage to swallow since the porridge was salty; as Jepherson said, it would be inedible tasteless.

Chapter 1460

Seeing that Raeleigh was finally eating, Jepherson put the apron aside and walked out.

Xanthus was still lying on the sofa, but his condition was visibly better now, while Santiago was the opposite.

"Go back to the hospital." Jepherson was serious about it, looking grim. Santiago was not afraid of him, but he did not refute either.

"You stay with Santiago. I'll take care of things here."

Jepherson said to Jacky, even dismissing the doctor.

When Raeleigh came out of the kitchen, Santiago, Jacky, and the doctor had already left. Even the servants had gone back to the manor. It was quiet in the living room; the TV was on, and Jepherson was watching it with Xanthus.

Raeleigh walked to the middle of the hall and glanced at the living room before turning to the door.

At the door, several pairs of shoes have disappeared.

"Santiago's gone?" Raeleigh came back and asked Jepherson. He looked up at her, answering, "Yes."

Raeleigh sat down and said nothing more.

As a result, this situation persisted for the next few days until Xanthus nTristany recovered, able to walk around and eat.

However, Jepherson had ordered someone to do grocery shopping in the past few days, so Raeleigh only had to cook while two men watched TV. Jepherson would occasionally help clean up.

The weather was good that day, so Xanthus planned to go out for a walk. Seeing him putting on a coat, she immediately stopped him.

“It’s too cold outside; wait until you’ve recovered.” Raeleigh stood in front of Xanthus like a mother nagging a child, afraid of what he would do.

Ruffling her hair, he assured her, “I’m already fine. Don’t be so dramatic.”

“At least wait for a sunny day. Do you know how cold is it outside?”

“C’mon, it’s not at all. Let’s go out and see for ourselves. We’ll come back if it’s cold.”

With that, he walked past her to the door. Seeing she couldn’t stop him, she followed right behind.

Out the door, Xanthus took a look behind; Jepherson remained in the house. He wrapped an arm around Raeleigh’s shoulder. “We’ll leave in a few days.”

She raised her head and looked at him. “We’re leaving?”

“I will get a lawyer to draft an severance letter for you. No matter how much compensation is needed, we will give them the money.

“I gave it some thought. With the severance, there are only two possibilities for you. One is that you’ll become a sensation and world-renowned companies will fight to hire you, while the other is that your reputation will be ruined and no one will come to you again.”

“But with our family’s ability, we will announce you are our long-lost family after you come home.”

“As long as we leave this place, Paige and the others cannot bother us.”

“There will be nothing to worry about regarding our reunion then.”

“This way, you will have a new identity and new name. The public will pay attention to your new identity, and your old life will not exist.”

“As for your future, it won’t be a problem.”

Raeleigh thought for a while and looked inside the villa. Though Jepherson did not come out, Raeleigh knew he was at the door, staring at her with his profound eyes.

“I get it. We’ll do as you say.”

It was all she could do at that point. Even if it was not for herself, she had to do it for Xanthus. She was afraid something would continue to happen to him if she stayed.

After making plans, the pair walked around outside, only returning closing at noon. Raeleigh didn’t feel cold but worried that Xanthus was.

“Why don’t you take a hot shower?” Raeleigh suggested as Xanthus hadn’t taken a shower in the past few days. He sweated buckets, and it was useless for him to change; nothing beat a good shower.

“Alright.” Xanthus headed upstairs, but she was still worried and went to Jepherson. “Help me take a look, will you?”

“You remember me now?” Jepherson huffed at her. He wasn’t targeting anyone, but his cranky self couldn’t help having a problem with Raeleigh ignoring him most of the time.

“I’ll look for someone else then,” Raeleigh rolled her eyes, ready to make a call only for him to snatch her phone and head upstairs.

Seeing him leave, Raeleigh felt relieved and began to clean up the room.

The door opened, and Xanthus paused, turning to look at Jepherson, who was taking his dress shirt off as he entered, his eyes indifferent. Halfway, he closed the door and raised a hand to take off his shirt, then put it aside.

Staring at the half-naked man, Xanthus felt like laughing for a second.

There were probably only a handful of people in this world who could make Jepherson stoop down.

If it weren’t for Raeleigh, who else?

Unfortunately, he was Jepherson, Paige’s grandson, someone the Doyle family wanted.

Xanthus quietly took off his clothes and walked to the shower with his back to Jepherson.

Jepherson stood aside and accompanied Xanthus for a shower; neither of them spoke at first. Both their height and body proportions were nTristany the same. Other than age, Xanthus really could not think of any merits that he had over him.

“The Doyle family did have some dealings with the Harvey family back then. I’m still working on it. Give me more time.”

The sound of water splashing boomed in their ears. Xanthus wiped his face and moved to the bath.

Although his place was not considered glorious, it was decently up-to-par with a five-star hotel.

The bath was the kind of place that people would feel hesitant to come out of even if they soaked for a few hours.

After entering the bath, Xanthus slowly walked to where he could sit. He leaned against it with his hands in front of him as he closed his eyes and cushioned his head on the edge of the bath. Jepherson joined in, sitting opposite him, his bottomless gaze staring at Xanthus’s rather pallid face.

“If you leave now, you will still be in danger. If this is really Stella’s doing, she will do it again; her mind is already abnormal. Do you really think leaving is the key to solving the problem?”

Xanthus slowly opened his eyes and looked at Jepherson thoughtfully. “You knew Stella is the one pulling the strings behind the scenes all along?”

Jepherson shook his head. “I don’t, but I believe Raeleigh is right.”

Xanthus frowned slightly. “You believe in Raeleigh?”

Jepherson hesitated, but his gaze was firm. "Stella's a childhood friend of mine. In the time when I lost my sister, there were only three girls in my life. Scarlett, Deanna and Stella..."

He glanced at the bathroom door for some time before landing his gaze back at Xanthus. "You and I are both looking for people. This is a difficult and painful journey, and both of us know this very well."

"I spent half of my life searching, and it's not that I don't understand. I just don't want to accept reality, but the reality is extremely cruel."

"I put these feelings onto people like Scarlett, Deanna, and Stella. No matter what, it's not wrong for me to regard them as my sisters."

"Amongst the three of them, Scarlett's in awe of me; she fears me."

"Deanna has a kind of affection toward me. Pleasing me, if you will."

"Only Stella was different. She had no fear nor ingratiation, just being herself. And because of that, I thought she was more real."

"Time flies, and people change. I'm changing, and so is Stella. However, I can't change the hope I had for Stella when I first saw her."

"Not to mention..."